

# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



R.V.  
WAR



DAILY BUGLE REPORTER BEN URICH CAN'T STOP LOOKING AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE DEAD PAST.

THIS WAS MURDOCK IN THE EARLY DAYS... BEFORE URICH EVEN KNEW HIM. WHEN DAREDEVIL'S SPIRIT WAS LIGHTER.

WHEN HE STILL KNEW HOW TO LAUGH.

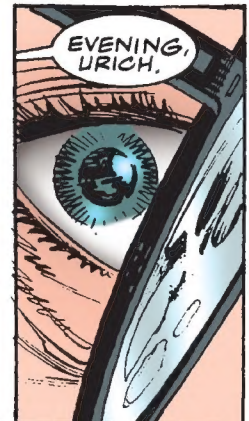
BUT THESE PHOTOS AREN'T OLD. THEY WERE TAKEN THIS WEEK:

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, SURELY -- OF A MAN WHO'S CURRENTLY ROTTING IN A LONG ISLAND GRAVE.

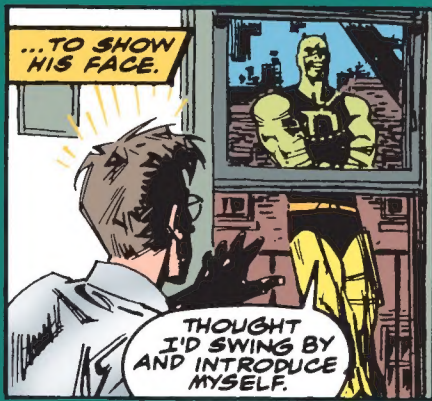
SOMEONE'S OUT THERE, IN DAREDEVIL'S ORIGINAL COSTUME, LAUGHING WITH DAREDEVIL'S ORIGINAL VOICE. RECREATING A LEGEND.

AND URICH KNOWS HE'S NOT GOING TO SLEEP UNTIL HE FINDS OUT WHO THIS MAN IS -- AND WHY HE'S CHOSEN NOW...

EVENING, URICH.







...TO SHOW HIS FACE.

THOUGHT I'D SWING BY AND INTRODUCE MYSELF.



THE NAME IS DAREDEVIL.

DAREDEVIL'S DEAD!

A DAREDEVIL IS DEAD.

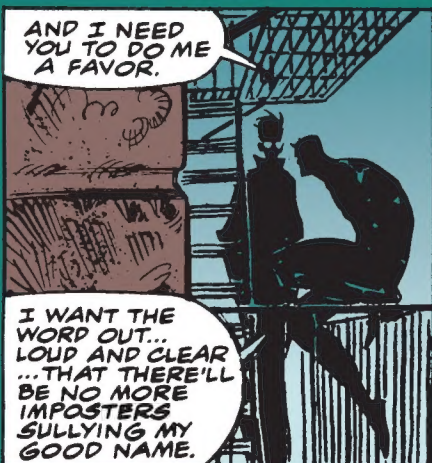


ME...I'M THE ONE, THE ONLY--

--THE ORIGINAL.

THIS IS CRAZY! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

I TOLD YOU: I'M DAREDEVIL.



AND I NEED YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR.

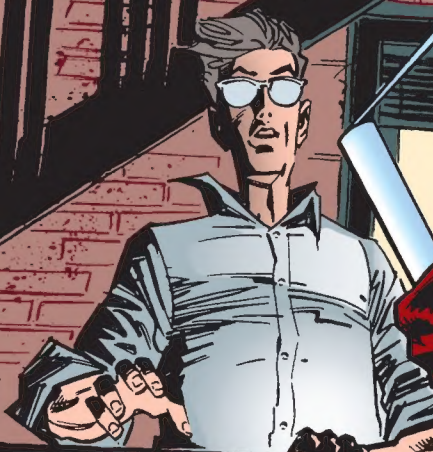
I WANT THE WORD OUT... LOUD AND CLEAR... THAT THERE'LL BE NO MORE IMPOSTERS SULLYING MY GOOD NAME.

THERE'S ONLY ONE ME AND-- I'M IT!

ANYONE ELSE CLAIMING TO BE DAREDEVIL HAD BETTER WATCH HIS BACK!

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE!

OF COURSE I CAN!



NICE TO MEET YOU, URICH! HOPE WE CROSS PATHS AGAIN!



MATT...?



HE KNOWS THAT IT CAN'T BE MATT. HE'S TOO OLD TO BELIEVE IN MIRACLES.

TAK TAK TAKATA TAK

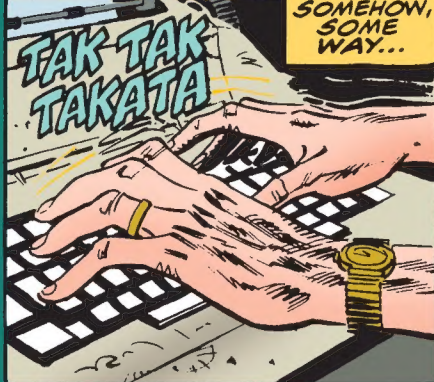
BUT AS HE SITS DOWN AT HIS BATTERED OLD MANUAL TYPEWRITER...

...BEATS THE KEYS SO HARD THEY ALMOST CRACK...

TAKATA TAK TAKATA

...HE FINDS HIMSELF PRAYING...

...THAT SOMEHOW, SOME WAY...



TAK TAK TAKATA



...IT IS.

# DAILY BUGLE

SERVING NEW YORK SINCE 1856

# IT'S WAR!



EXCLUSIVE  
BY BEN URICH

TWO DAREDEVILS ... ONE CITY ... WHO WILL WIN?

## INFERNO

PART TWO

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BOBBIE CHASE, EDITOR IN CHIEF

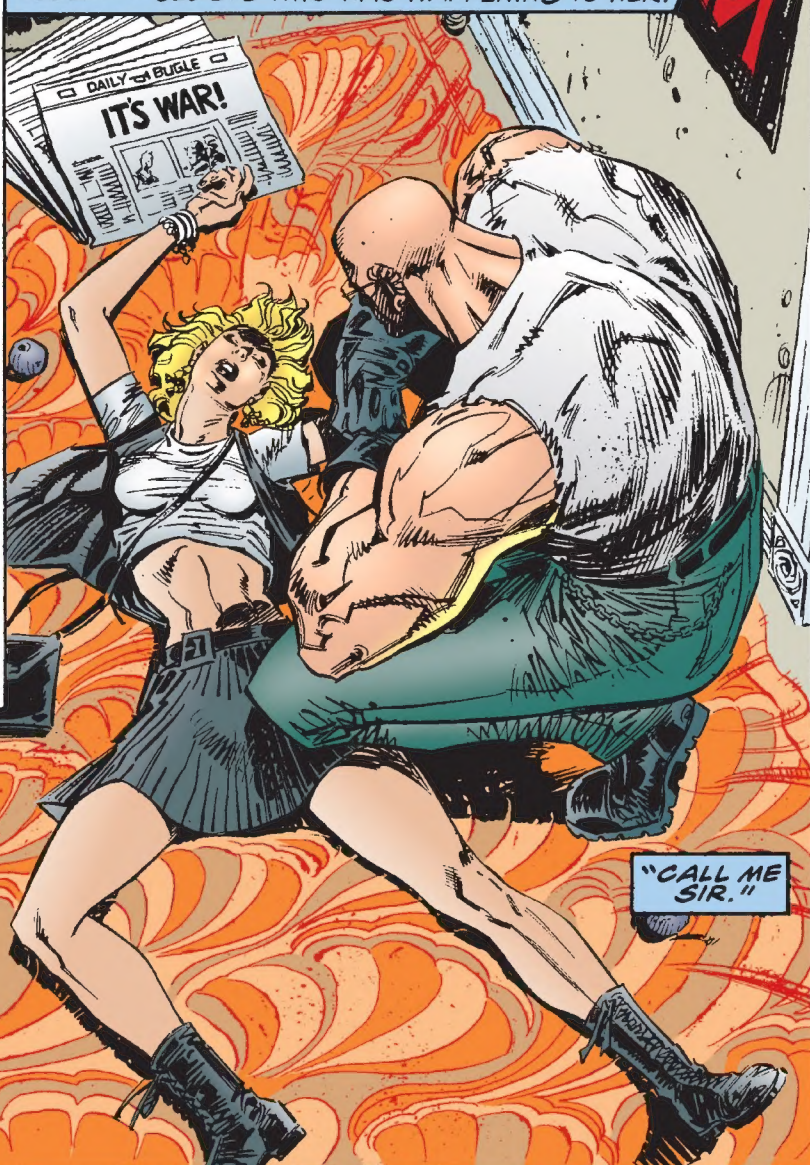
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"CALL ME SIR."

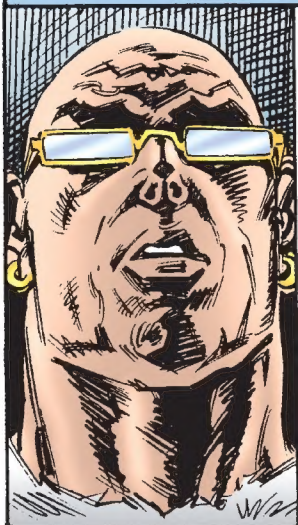


THAT'S WHAT HE SAID BEFORE HE TWISTED THAT PRETTY NECK AROUND AND HER EYES BUGGED OUT--AS IF SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE THIS WAS HAPPENING TO HER.

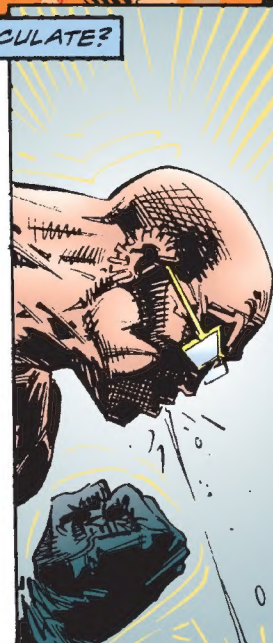


"CALL ME SIR."

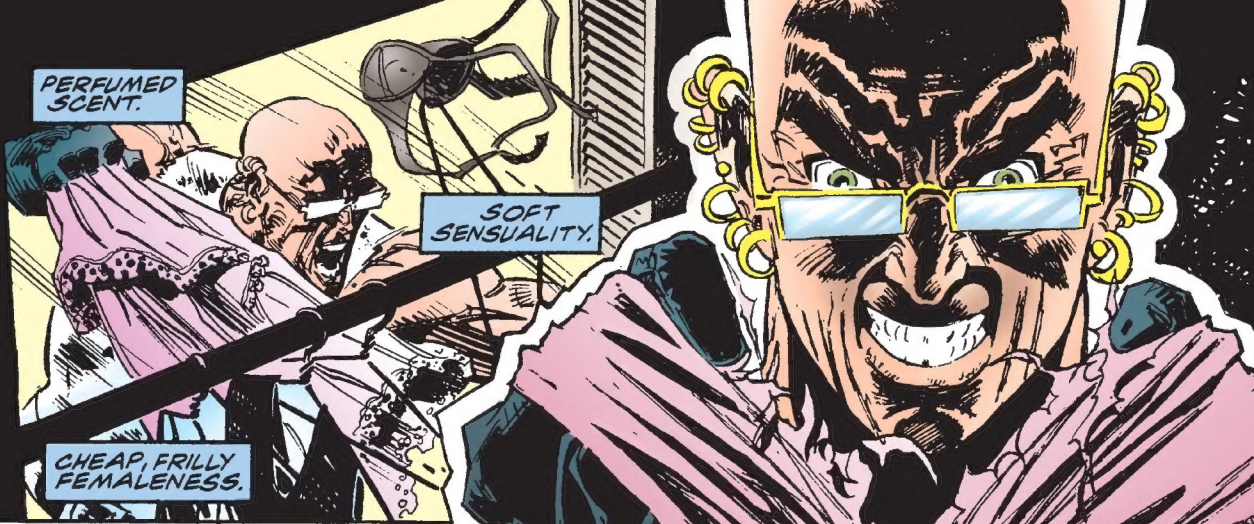
HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN KNEELING THERE, STUDYING THE GENTLE CONTOURS OF HER FACE...STROKING THE SOFT SKIN...LOOKING DEEP INTO THOSE LONG-LASHED EYES, SEEKING ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS HE COULD NEVER...



...ARTICULATE?







PERFUMED  
SCENT.

SOFT  
SENSUALITY.

CHEAP, FRILLY  
FEMALENESS.

HE HATES IT!

HATES THE VERY  
CONCEPT OF  
WOMANHOOD...



...WITH EVERY  
BURNING CELL  
IN HIS BODY.

HEY...  
MARSHA--  
WHAT'RE  
YOU--?

MARSHA?



OH

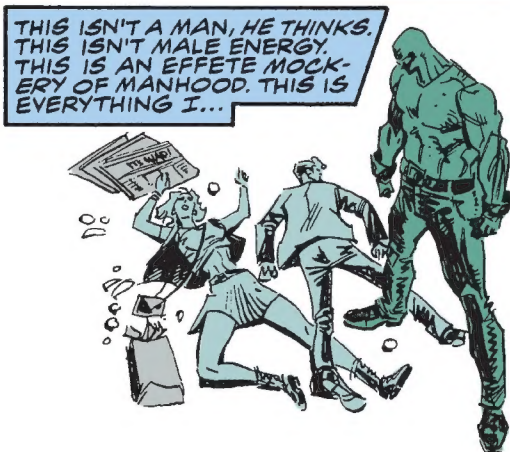
MY



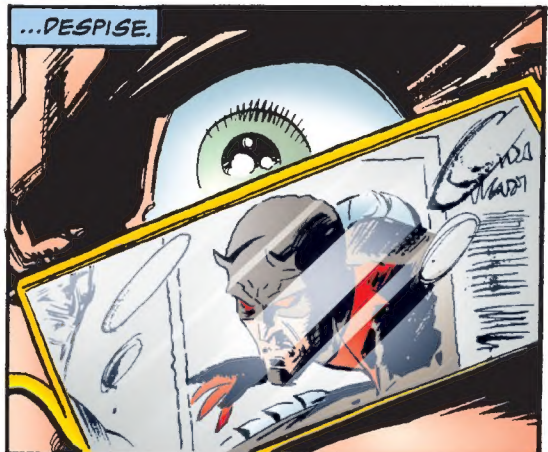
GOD...?!

**SNACKT**

SIR HAS ALMOST  
AS MUCH DISGUST  
FOR THIS PALE  
THING AS HE  
DOES FOR THE  
WOMAN.



THIS ISN'T A MAN, HE THINKS.  
THIS ISN'T MALE ENERGY.  
THIS IS AN EFFETE MOCK-  
ERY OF MANHOOD. THIS IS  
EVERYTHING I...



...DESPISE.





HIS HEART  
POUNDS, HIS  
SKIN TINGLES;  
HIS SOUL  
GROWS  
HUNGRY...

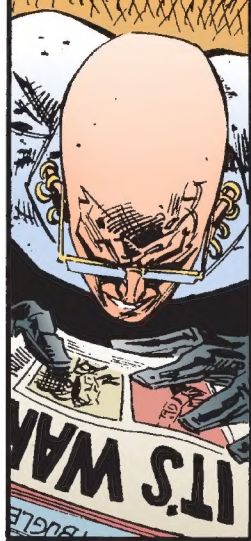
...IN DEEP AND  
TERRIFYING  
WAYS.

THIS IS EVERYTHING I WANT  
TO BE; NEED TO BE.



HE HAS TO HAVE  
THIS ONE. TO  
PLAY WITH.

TO  
CONSUME.



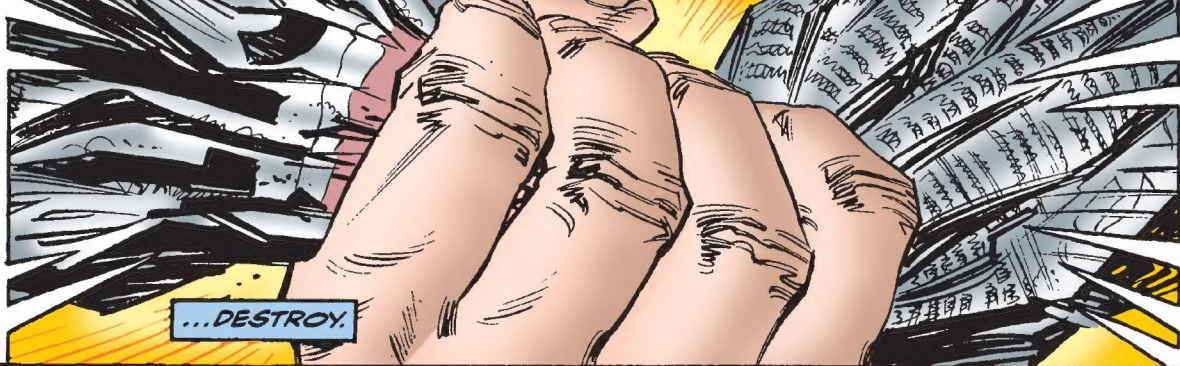
NOW THIS, SIR THINKS,  
REMEMBERING HIS  
ENCOUNTER WITH  
DAREDEVIL THE PRE-  
VIOUS NIGHT, \* IS  
MALENESS. THIS IS  
MANHOOD IN ITS  
MUSCLED PRIME.

\*LAST ISSUE. --JAMES

TO ABSORB  
AND THEN...







...DESTROY.

HIS EYES MAY BE BLIND-- BUT JACK BATLIN'S FINGERTIPS CAN "READ" THE HEADLINES SCREAMING FROM EVERY SURFACE IN HIS BEDROOM, TRACE THE FACES OF TWIN DARE-DEVILS STARING OUT AT HIM ACCUSINGLY.

HOW, HE WONDERS, DID THIS HAPPEN?

HOW DID SOMEONE MANAGE TO SLIP INTO HIS HOME AND DO THIS-- WHILE HE WAS SLEEPING, WHILE HE WAS THERE?

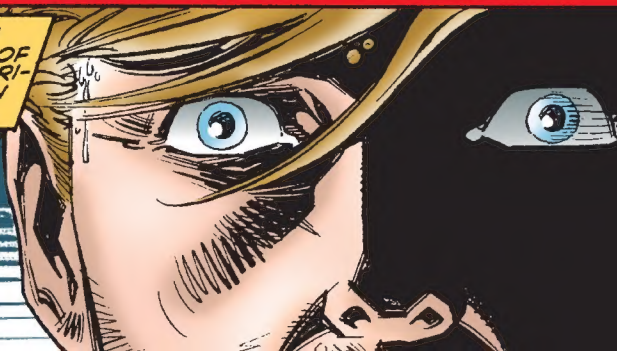
HE FINDS HIMSELF SPIRALLING DOWN INTO COLD PANIC, THE EVENTS OF RECENT DAYS OVERWHELMING HIM:

GLORIANNA'S DEATH. THE CONSTANT NIGHTMARES. LOSING EMOTIONAL CONTROL.

SOMEONE INVADING HIS APARTMENT, DESTROYING HIS COSTUME. THE APPEARANCE OF THE IMPOSTER WHO'S DECLARED WAR ON HIM.

BUT WORST OF ALL HAS BEEN THE INNER WAR, THE FEELING OF PSYCHIC SHADOWS, ON THE PERIPHERY OF HIS MIND, MOVING IN CLOSER AND CLOSER AND CLOSER.

SOMETHING DARK AND HORRIBLE INSIDE HIM, REARING UP...





TO  
DEVOUR  
HIM.



SWEARS TO BE  
GOOD. TO BE  
GENTLE AND  
KIND.

GOOD LITTLE BOY.  
KNEELS IN PRAYER.  
LOVES HIS FATHER.  
PINES FOR HIS  
MOTHER.

NO FIGHTING,  
NO ANGER,  
NO FISTS.



GOOD LITTLE BOY,  
BLIND AS A BAT. FULL  
OF RAGE AND PAIN.

SEEKING  
VENGEANCE  
AND BLOOD.



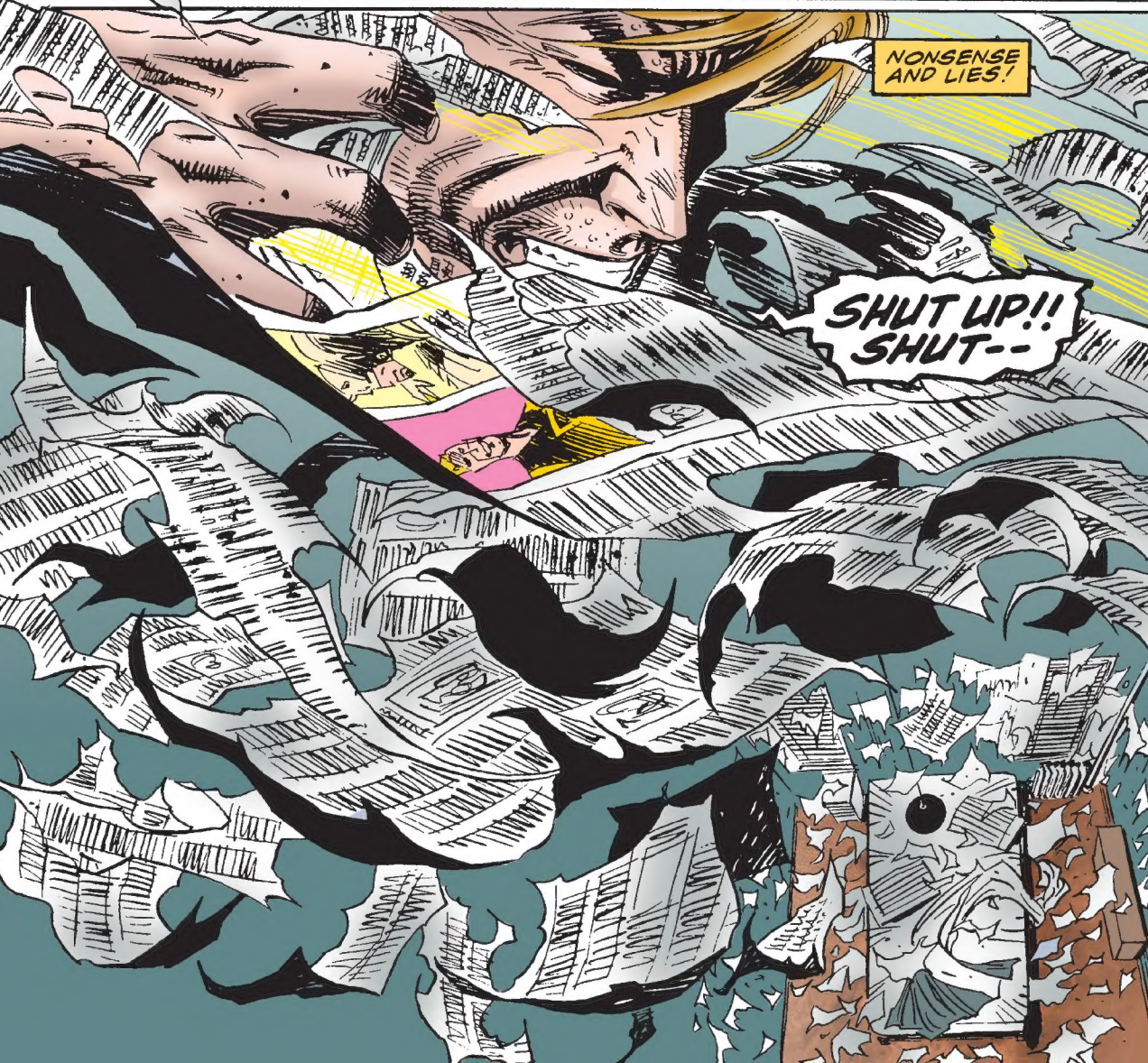
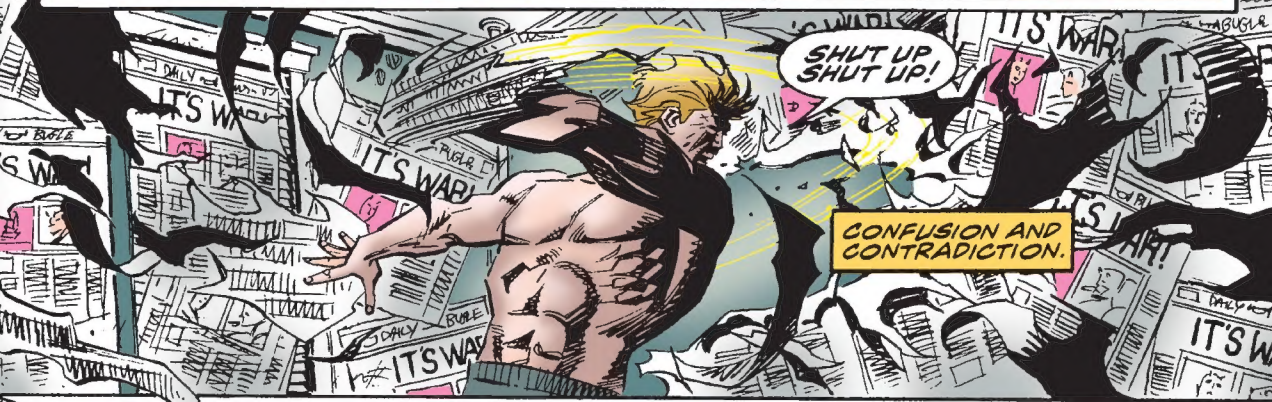
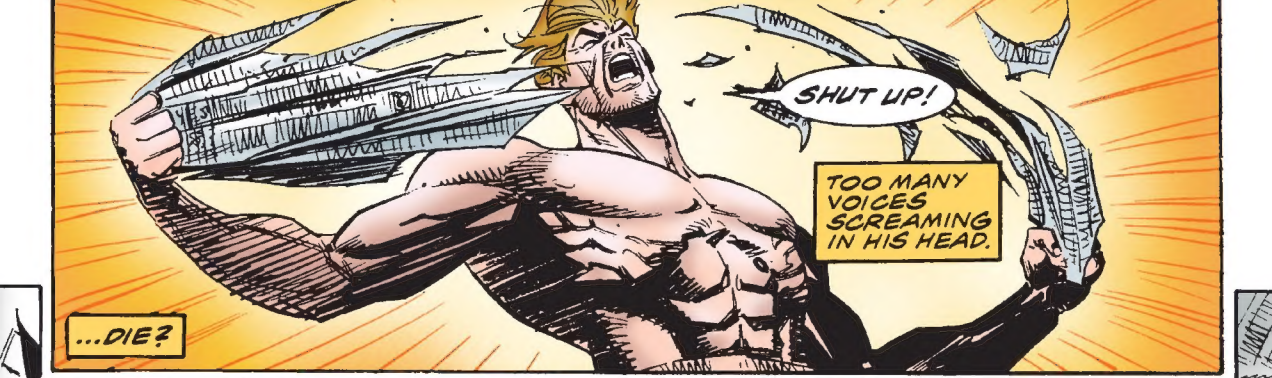
GOOD LITTLE BOY,  
GOES TO CONFES-  
SION. WORSHIPS  
GOD AND THE LAW.  
SANCTITY AND  
ORDER.



WEARS A MASK  
AND RUNS WILD.  
BREAKS THE BONES  
OF THE LAW.  
LAUGHS IN GOD'S  
FACE.

GOOD LITTLE BOY,  
PUSHES HER-- HARD.  
WATCHES HER FALL.  
WATCHES HER...







HE'LL KILL BATLIN, TOO, IF HE HAS TO-- TO STILL THOSE VOICES IN HIS HEAD. BURY HIM THE WAY HE BURIED MURDOCK.

HE'LL HIDE BEHIND THE DEVIL'S MASK, DO THE DEVIL'S WORK: POUND FLESH, BREAK BONES.

HIS HYPER-SENSES SCAN THE NIGHT, TAKE IN SWEET SMELLS, THE STINK OF CORRUPTION, A LOVER'S SIGH, A DRUNKEN ROAR.

THE ARROGANT LAUGHTER OF YOUTH.

OOOO, BABE-- THEM LEGS MAKE ME CRAAAAZY!

WANNA WRAP 'EM AROUND ME?

AND HE DOESN'T CARE WHOSE.

FIVE OF US, ONE O' YOU--

BET YA COULD MAKE US ALL HAPPY!

NO RESPECT, HE THINKS. NO DEGENCY. JUST DO WHAT THEY WANT. RUN WILD LIKE DOGS.

LIKE...





SO--WHERE D'WE  
GO FROM HERE?

I DUNNO, Y'WANNA  
HEAD DOWN T'THE  
VILLAGE AN' BEAT  
UP ON SOME--

YOU'RE NOT  
GOING ANY-  
WHERE,  
PUNKS--

--EXCEPT,  
MAYBE, THE  
NEAREST  
HOSPITAL.

OH...  
C#C%!!

HE KNOWS HE'S OUT OF  
CONTROL. HE KNOWS THEY'RE  
JUST KIDS WHO TALK BIGGER  
THAN THEY ACT. HE KNOWS  
THE VERY SIGHT OF HIM  
SCARES THEM TO THE BOT-  
TOM OF THEIR SOULS.

BUT STILL HE TIGHTENS HIS  
GRIP ON THE BILLY-CLUB, TAKES  
THREE ANGRY STEPS CLOSER.

SOMEBODY STOP ME, HE SILENTLY PRAYS,  
BEFORE I DO SOMETHING I'M GOING TO  
REGRET FOR THE REST OF MY--

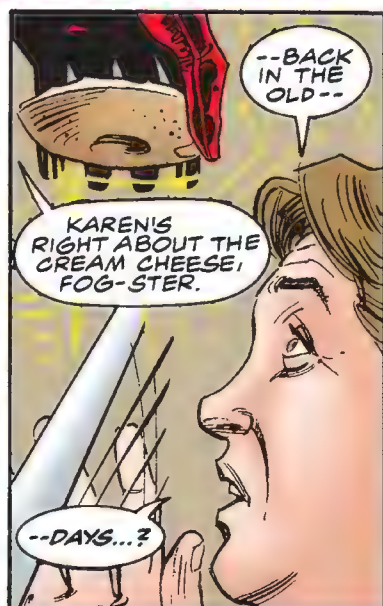
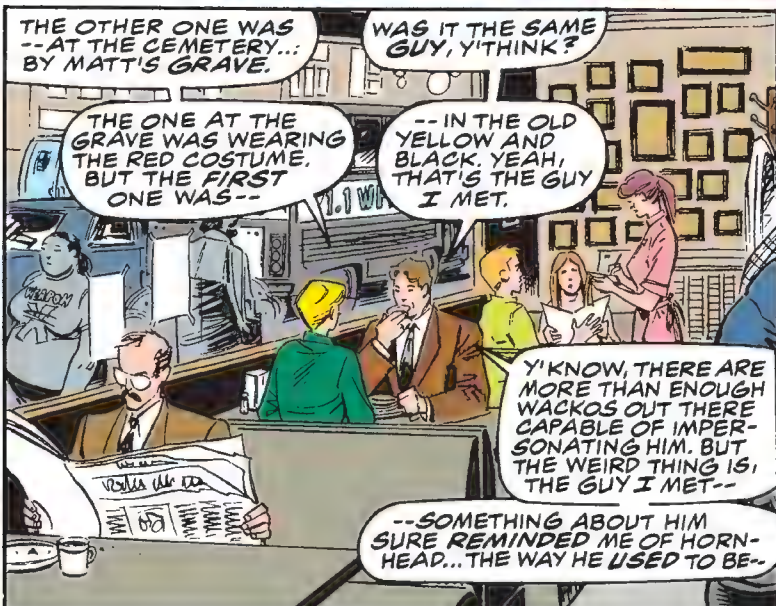
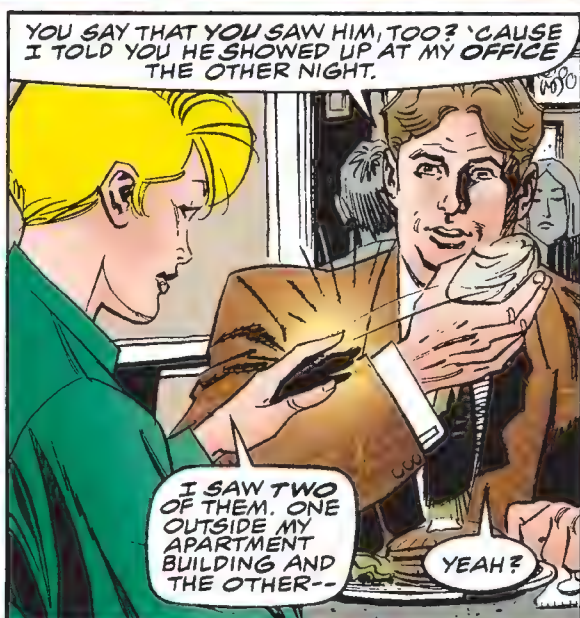
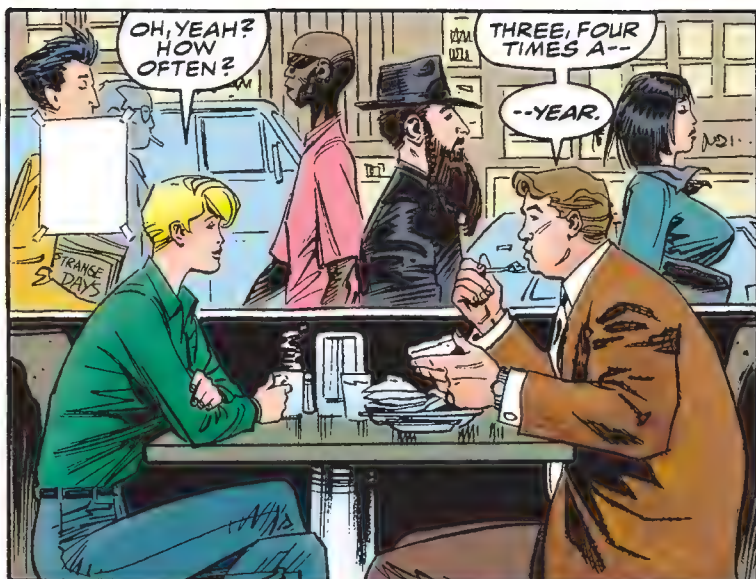
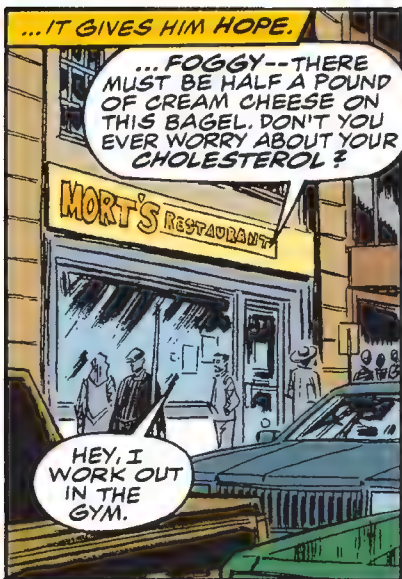


THE LAUGHTER, LIGHT AND FREE,  
SEEMS TO ERUPT FROM NOWHERE  
--AND EVERYWHERE, FROM INSIDE  
HIM--AND ALL AROUND HIM.

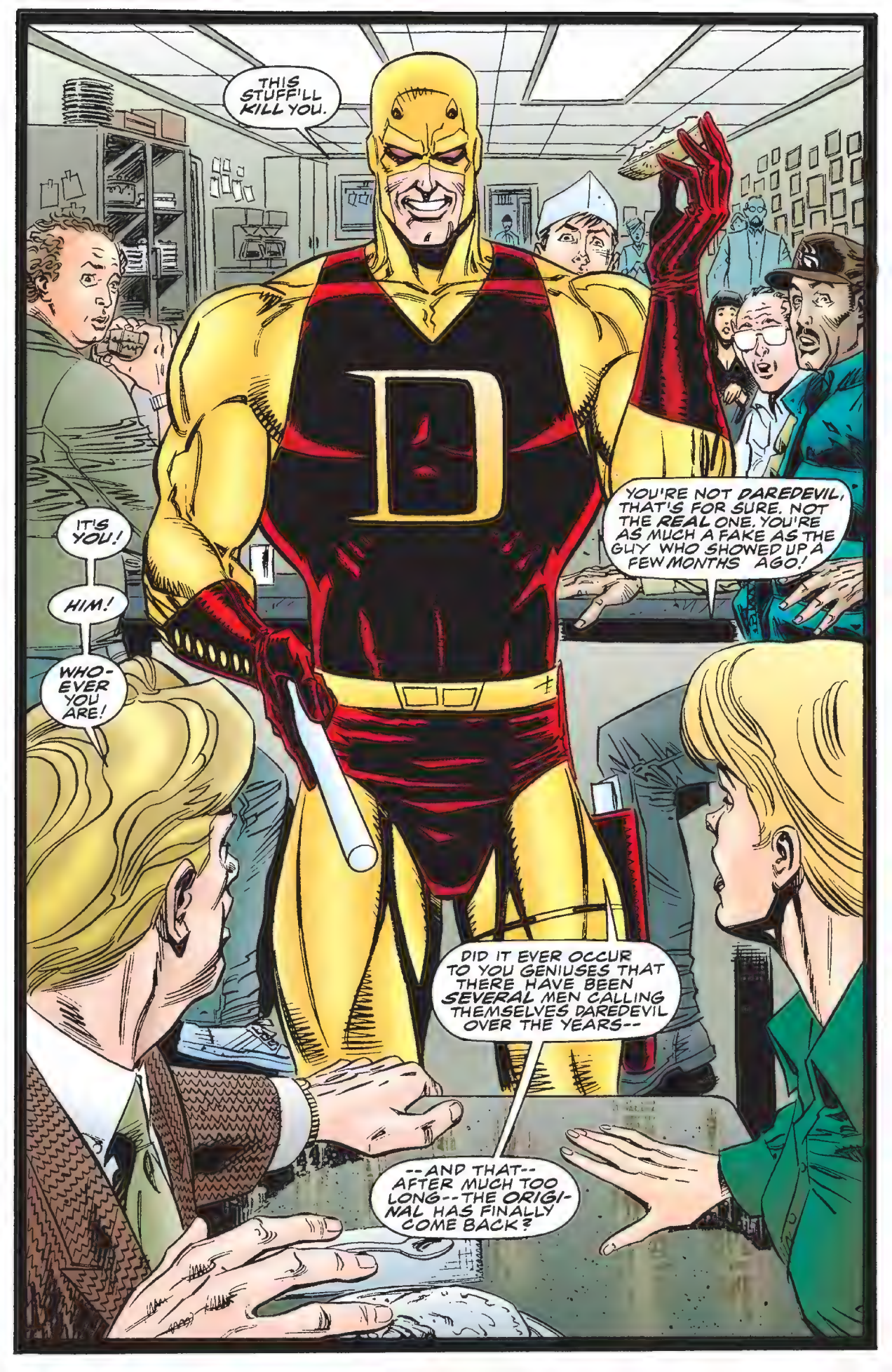
AS HE VAINLY SCANS THE ROOF-  
TOPS FOR THE SOURCE OF THAT  
LAUGHTER, HE REALIZES--TO HIS  
ASTONISHMENT-- THAT HE'S NOT  
DISTURBED BY IT AT ALL.

IN FACT, IN SOME  
ODD, INEXPLICABLE  
WAY...









THIS  
STUFF'LL  
KILL YOU.

IT'S  
YOU!

HIM!

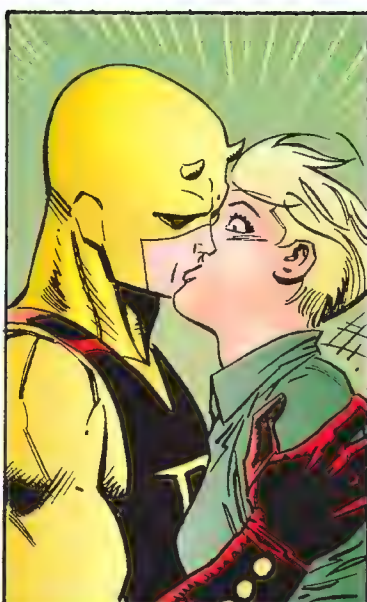
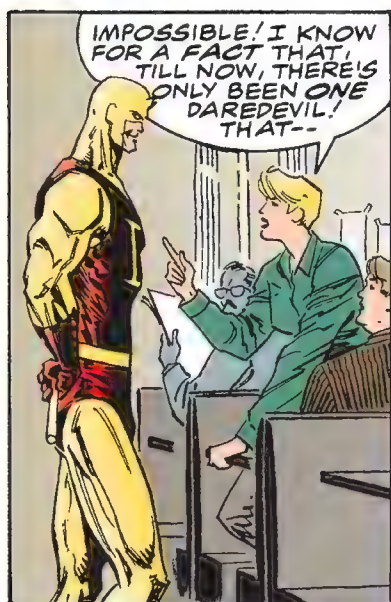
WHO-  
EVER  
YOU  
ARE!

YOU'RE NOT DAREDEVIL,  
THAT'S FOR SURE. NOT  
THE REAL ONE. YOU'RE  
AS MUCH A FAKE AS THE  
GUY WHO SHOWED UP A  
FEW MONTHS AGO!

DID IT EVER OCCUR  
TO YOU GENIUSES THAT  
THERE HAVE BEEN  
SEVERAL MEN CALLING  
THEMSELVES DAREDEVIL  
OVER THE YEARS--

--AND THAT--  
AFTER MUCH TOO  
LONG--THE ORIGINAL  
HAS FINALLY  
COME BACK?







THE STORM IS KEEPING MOST NEW YORKERS HOME TONIGHT. BUT NOT HIM. NOT JACK BATLIN.

NOT DAREDEVIL.

HOW LONG CAN HE SIT WAITING, LIKE A VICTIM, FOR WHOEVER'S BEEN VIOLATING HIM TO STRIKE AGAIN?

HE'S GOT TO SCOUR THE CITY TILL HE FINDS THIS OTHER DAREDEVIL. MEET THE MYSTERY HEAD ON.

AND HE FEELS NOW, TO THE CORE OF HIS BEING, THAT THIS DOUBLE HOLDS THE KEY TO HIS INNER MYSTERY, AS WELL.

TO HIS NIGHTS OF SLEEPLESSNESS AND AGONY, THE UNSEEN DEMONS THAT HAUNT HIS TORTURED PSYCHE.

BUT AS HE SWINGS THROUGH THE SHEETS OF RAIN, HE TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO A NEW MYSTERY: A HULKING FIGURE THAT'S BEEN TRAILING HIM... STALKING HIM... FOR HALF AN HOUR NOW.

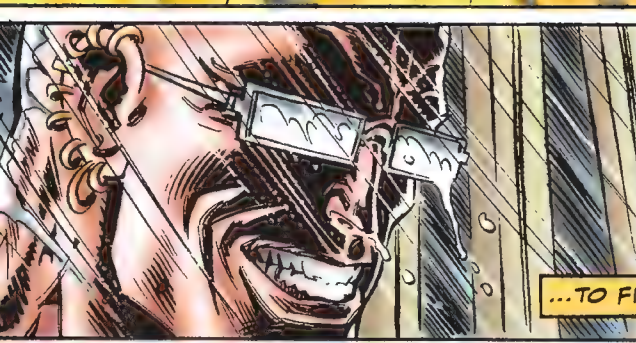
IT CALLS HIM-- INTO THE NIGHT, OUT OF HIS FEAR, DEMANDS THAT HE STOP HIDING.

IS THERE, HE WONDERS, SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS GIANT-- AND THE YELLOW-AND-BLACK GHOST FROM HIS PAST?

IT'S TIME, HE FINALLY DECIDES...

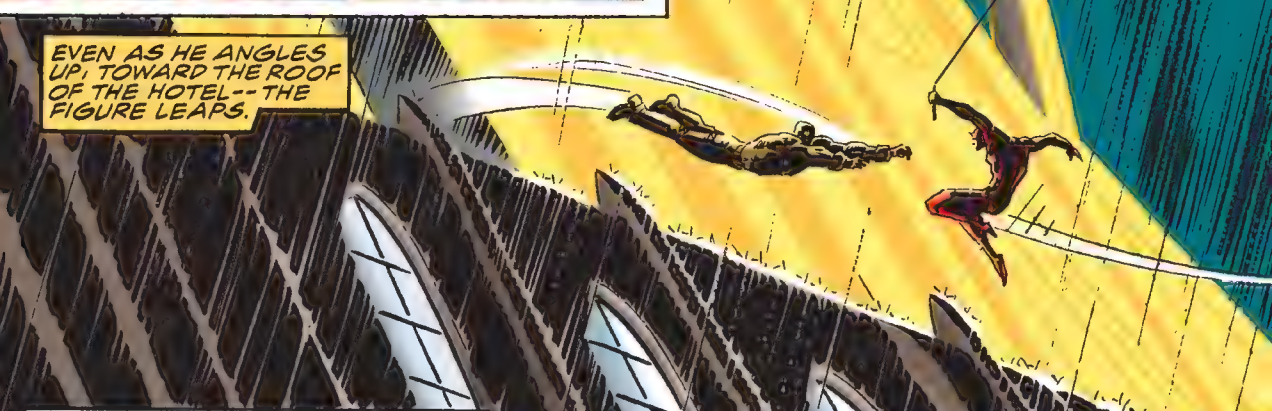
TOP OF NEW YORK





...TO FIND OUT.

EVEN AS HE ANGLES UP, TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL--THE FIGURE LEAPS.



...THAT HE KNOWS THIS GIANT:

HE'S THE ONE WHO TOSSED THE GIRL FROM THE WINDOW UP ON SEVENTY-SECOND STREET THE OTHER NIGHT.\*

NO BILLY CLUB CABLE. NO WEB-LINE. JUST SHEER COURAGE. SHEER MADNESS.

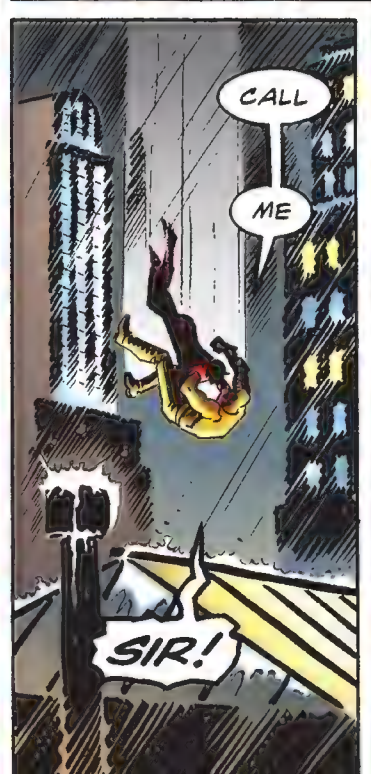
DAREDEVIL REALIZES AS HE QUICKLY SCANS THE MAN --THE LIGHTNING AND THUNDER PLAYING HAVOC WITH HIS HYPER-SENSES...



I THINK IT'S TIME I FORMALLY INTRODUCED MYSELF.



\*LAST ISSUE! --PROF

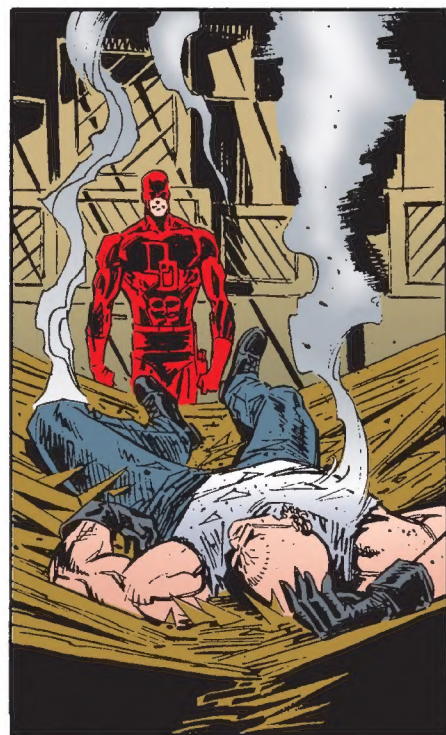
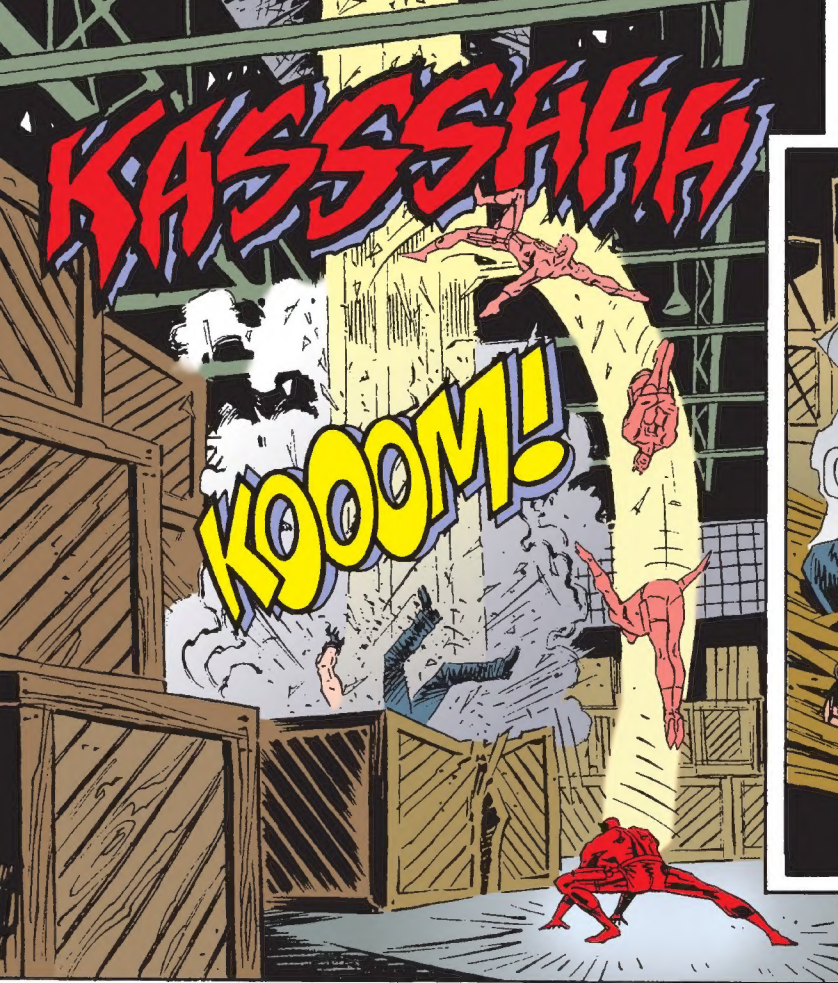


CALL

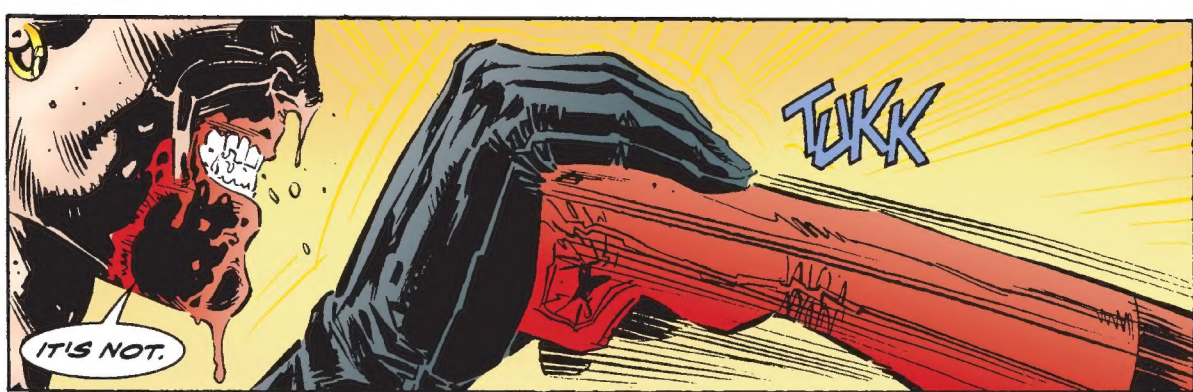
ME

SIR!









IT'S NOT.



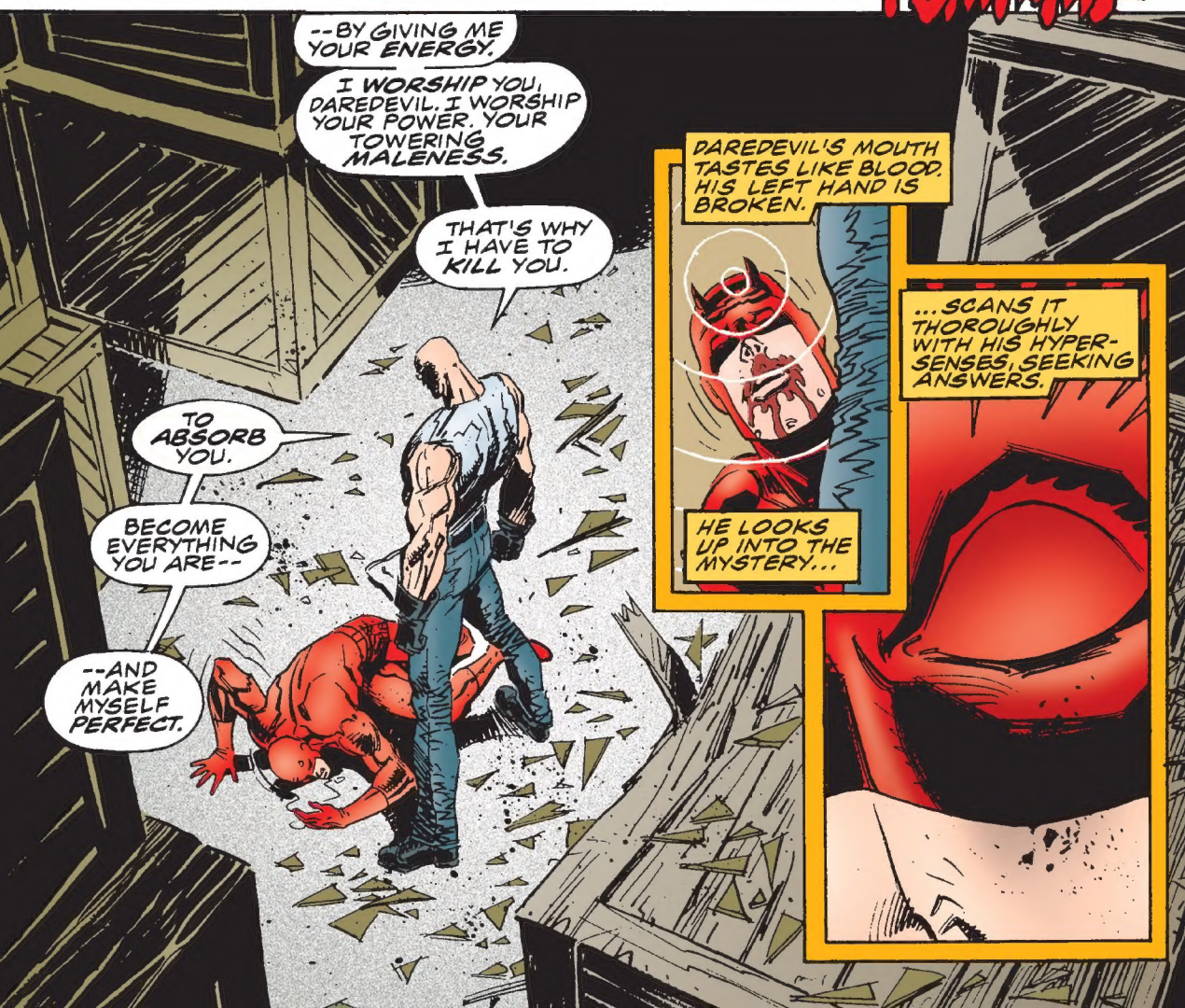
THERE'S  
SOME-  
THING--  
WRONG  
WITH ME,  
YOU SEE.



SOME...  
FLAW  
I CAN'T  
QUITE  
UNDER-  
STAND.



BUT YOU'RE  
GOING TO HELP  
ME UNDERSTAND.  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO HEAL ME--



--BY GIVING ME  
YOUR ENERGY.

I WORSHIP YOU,  
DAREDEVIL. I WORSHIP  
YOUR POWER, YOUR  
TOWERING  
MALENESS.

THAT'S WHY  
I HAVE TO  
KILL YOU.

TO  
ABSORB  
YOU.

BECOME  
EVERYTHING  
YOU ARE--

--AND  
MAKE  
MYSELF  
PERFECT.

DAREDEVIL'S MOUTH  
TASTES LIKE BLOOD.  
HIS LEFT HAND IS  
BROKEN.



HE LOOKS  
UP INTO THE  
MYSTERY...

...SCANS IT  
THOROUGHLY  
WITH HIS HYPER-  
SENSSES, SEEKING  
ANSWERS.

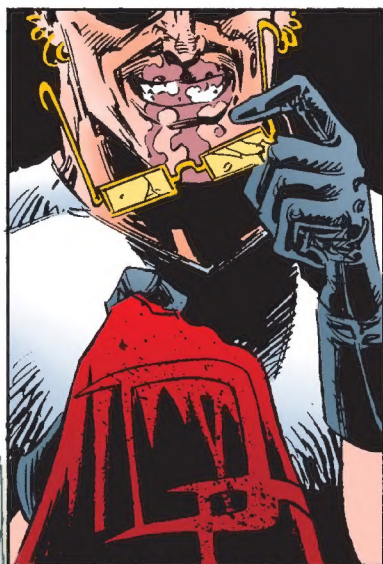


BUT THE ANSWER THIS BLIND MAN  
"SEES" IN THE BRIEF MOMENTS  
BEFORE HE'S BATTERED DOWN  
INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS...

STONK!

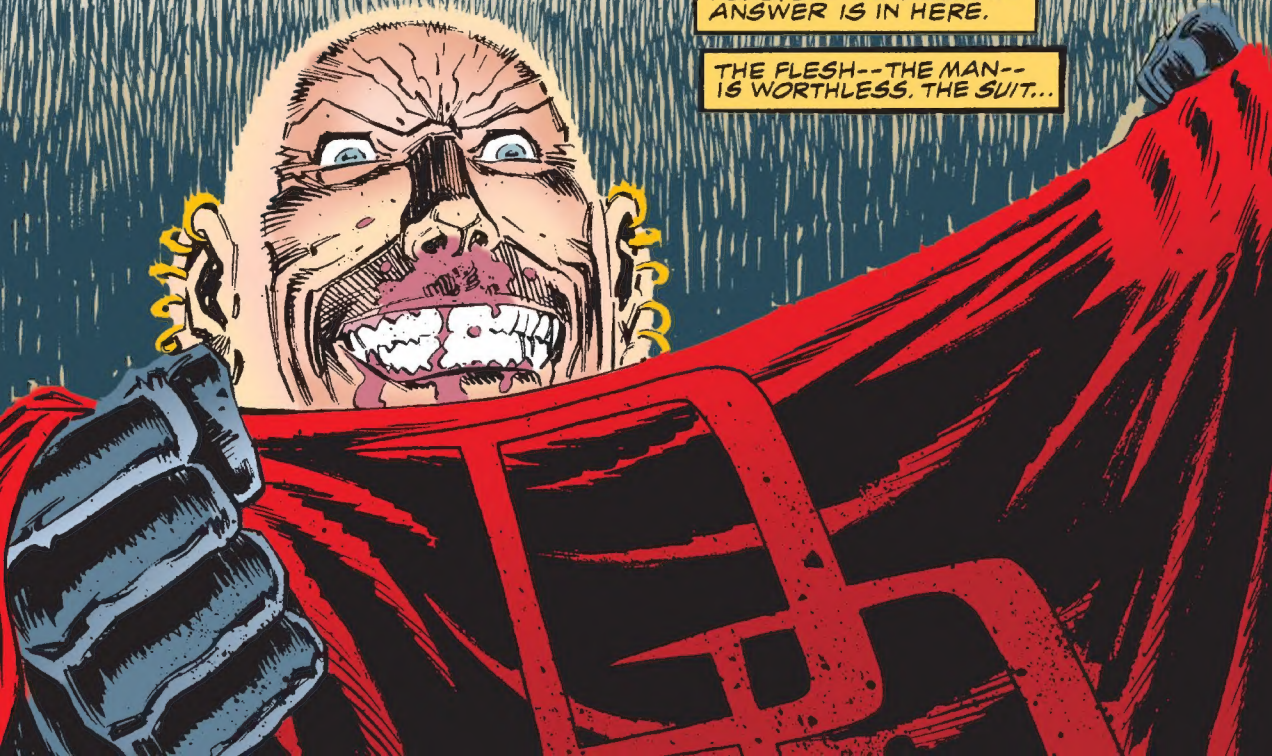
KRAAAK!

...IS ONE HE COULD  
NEVER HAVE  
ANTICIPATED.



HERE, SIR REALIZES. MY  
ANSWER IS IN HERE.

THE FLESH--THE MAN--  
IS WORTHLESS. THE SUIT...





...HOLDS  
THE  
POWER.

SIR LOOKS DOWN  
AT THIS SUDDENLY-  
FRAGILE CREATURE  
--WITH NO PITY.  
NO CONTEMPT.

NO INTEREST  
WHATSOEVER.

HE KNOWS NOW  
THAT IT'S NOT  
THE FACE  
BENEATH THE  
MASK THAT  
MATTERS--  
IT'S THE MASK  
ITSELF.

KEKKK

SO HE TURNS  
AND WALKS  
AWAY, WITHOUT  
A SECOND  
THOUGHT...

...LEAVING  
BEHIND  
SILENCE...

...AND  
SORROW...

...AND...

...DEATH?

NEXT:  
THE TRUTH,  
THE WHOLE  
TRUTH--AND  
NOTHING BUT  
THE TRUTH!